

lake, and got to our boat. I took one of the oars, and by the help of our sail, in a short time got safe to shore; where being arrived very much fatigued, we put up at the first cottage, dressed our fish, and went to supper, which was scarce over, but I was hurried on board, the wind being tacked about and fair for our departure.

At my arrival in *England*, I communicated the contents of my journal to a friend; as all the memoirs given me by Mr. *Quarll*, in order to be printed.

EDWARD DORRINGTON.

*An Account of the Life of PHILIP  
from his Infancy to his being  
Taken from the Memoirs he  
DORRINGTON, the Person who  
on the Island.*

PHILIP QUARLL was of the parish of St. Giles, London. formerly a master builder, had been naturally ruined himself in building reduced to work at the meanest brick-making: His poor wife, obliged to lay her hand to the labour. One day a neighbour, who was of the child in his mother's absence, contracted a particular love for him by the hand, and led him then at work at an old lady's house in the street.

The house-keeper, who was mother of children, seeing the pretty child, takes him up in her arms, and runs up to her good old lady.

The child whom the poor woman very clean, was very handsome and temperd, with other qualifications.